CALIBER PRESS

NEGATIVE BURN

an anthology

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NEGATIVE BURN

VOLUME ONE
NUMBER TWO

an anthology

Joe Pruett and Charles Moore/Editors

KNIGHTS OF THE SKULL.....Page 1
written and illustrated by Wayne Vansant
A gripping tale of the horrors of the Russian Front during World War Two.

WHAT GOOD IS IT?.....Page 9
written and illustrated by Phillip Hester

THE GREAT ESCAPE.....Page 10
written by Malcolm Bourne
illustrated by J. Calafiore
A disturbing probe into the horrors of sexual child abuse.

SKETCHBOOK.....Page 18
illustrations by Tim Bradstreet
A look at this extremely talented artist

MANHATTAN.....Page 23
written and illustrated by Vincent Stall

KNIGHTS OF THE SKULL cover art
by Wayne Vansant

A KRÜNCHY FROGG PRODUCTION
IN ASSOCIATION WITH MAD HATTER STUDIOS INTERNATIONAL

Associate Editor: James Pruett
Layout & Design: Shinn Uehara
Staff Letterer: Roxanne Starr
Publisher: Gary Reed

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KNIGHTS OF THE SKULL

TANK KILLERS

THE RUSSIAN FRONT. FEBRUARY, 1943. GERMAN FORCES HAVE BEEN FORCED TO ABANDON THE CITY OF KHARKOV. WHILE THEY REGROUP TO RETAKE THE CITY, TROOPS OF THE 1ST SS PANZER CORPS MAKES TINY JABS INTO THE SCATTERED AND EXHAUSTED RED ARMY.

MEANWHILE, IN A PANZER GRENADIER BATTALION, A DISCIPLINE PROBLEM IS BEING DELT WITH.

THIS IS THE TROUBLE MAKER FROM THE 3RD COMPANY, LT. *SKALKA.*

SO, *PRIVATE WIENAND,* I UNDERSTAND YOU HAVE A HISTORY OF FIGHTING.

JAWOHL, HERR OBERTS.

YOU LOOK TOO *SMALL* TO BE IN THE *WAFFEN-SS.* WHAT WERE ALL THE FIGHTS ABOUT?

ART & STORY / *WAYNE VANSANT*
LETTERS / *ROXANNE STARR*

HMM. FIGHTING. ER, PIP-SQUEAK? WELL, I CAN TAKE CARE OF THAT. I'LL PUT YOU WITH *HOISSER.*

SOMEONE WAS ALWAYS SAYING I WAS TOO SMALL TO BE IN THE WAFFEN-SS, HERR OBERTS.

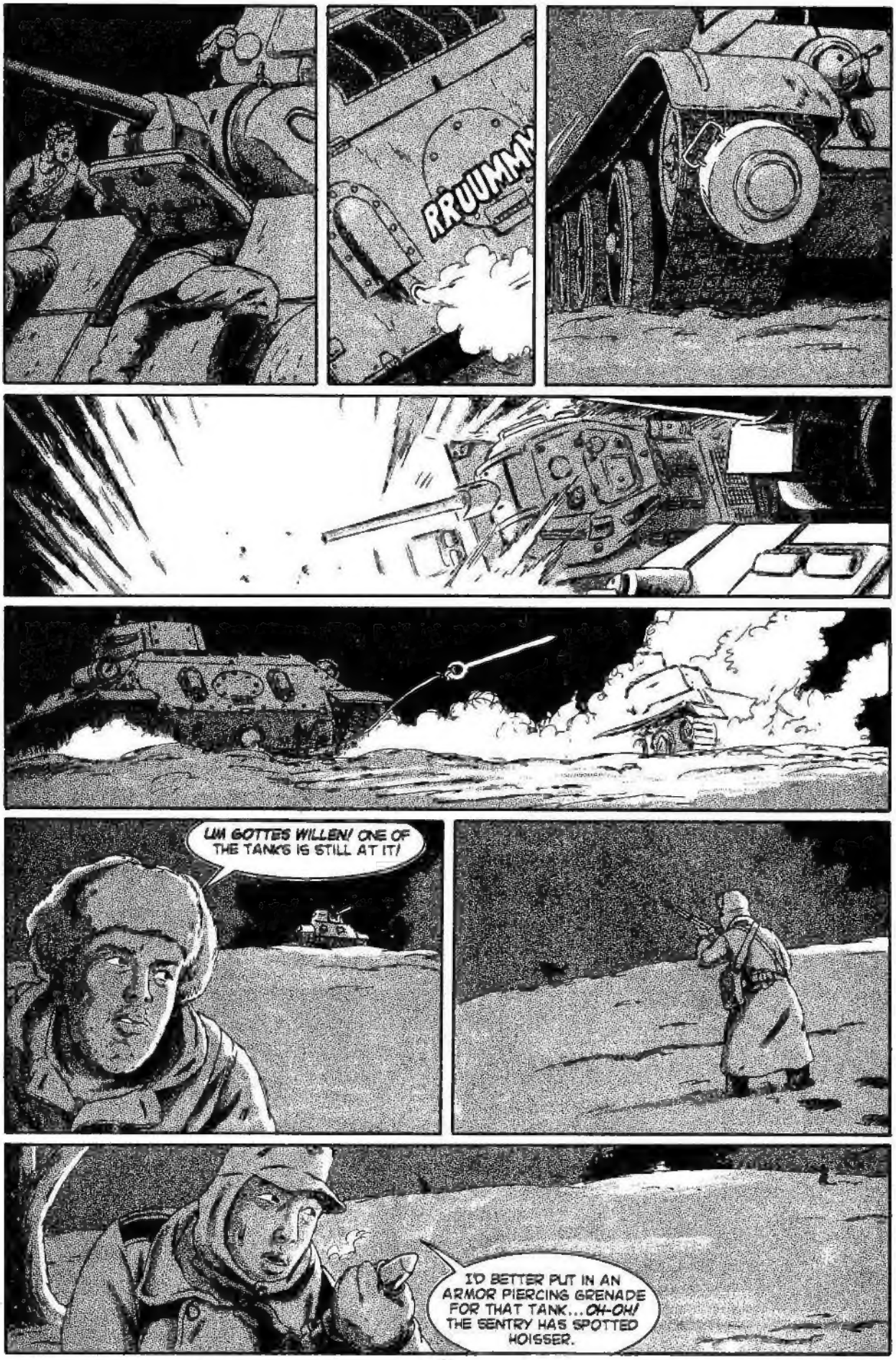
HOISSER WILL SHOW YOU ALL THE FIGHTING YOU WANT.

HOISSER, THIS IS YOUR NEW ASSISTANT. PRIVATE JOSEF WIENAND.
JOSEF, HUH? WELL, WELCOME TO THE 1ST COMPANY, SEPP.
YOU CAME AT JUST THE RIGHT MOMENT. WE'RE GOING OUT ON A LITTLE PARTY LOOKING FOR THE IVANS *.
YOU LOOK STRONG ENOUGH. YOU CAN HELP ME CARRY MY STUFF.
* IVANS: GERMAN SLANG FOR RUSSIAN SOLDIERS.
HERE. WE'LL NEED ALL THIS, AND BE SURE TO TAKE YOUR RIFLE-GRENADER ATTACHMENT AND PROPELLANT SHELLS.
LET'S GO, MEN. IT'LL BE DARK IN ANOTHER HALF HOUR.
BY THE WAY, MY NAME IS JOSEF, NOT SEPP.
DO WE DIG IN HERE?
NEIN. WE KEEP MOVING.

THERE'S OUR TARGET. TWO RUSSIAN TANKS AND ALL THE KIDDIES THAT GO WITH THEM.
THERE'S A SENTRY ON THE RIGHT.
I CAN SLIP BY HIM EASY. YOUR JOB IS TO HIT THEM WITH THE RIFLE-GRENADES AFTER I MINE THE TANKS. GIVE ME UNTIL 25 AFTER AND HIT THEM WITH EVERYTHING YOU HAVE.
LINED UP LIKE CLAY TARGETS. HOW THOUGHTFULL.
I LOVE THESE CHEAP RUSSIAN CABINS. PLENTY OF CRACKS TO PEEP THOUGH.

A TELLER MINE FOR THIS FIRST JOB...
...RIGHT ON TOP OF THE TRACKS.
NOW FOR A MAGNETIC GRENADE.
VERDAMMEN! THE GROUND IS HARD AS STONE. I HOPE THIS HOLDS.
THERE!...NOW TO GET BACK TO...OH-OH!
Добрый вечер спички?
Большое спасибо.
AAAGGG!

I'LL HIDE YOU UNDER HERE, LITTLE FRIEND.
THAT HOISSER IS CRAZY! BUT AT LEAST HE DIDN'T MAKE A CRACK ABOUT MY SIZE. WELL. TIME TO START THE MUSIC.
BLAM!!
KRUMP!
BLAM!
KRUMP!


RRUUMM
UM GOTTES WILLEN! ONE OF THE TANKS IS STILL AT IT!
I'D BETTER PUT IN AN ARMOR PIERCING GRENADE FOR THAT TANK... OH-OH! THE SENTRY HAS SPOTTED HOISSER.

BLAM!
BAGO!
BAM!
BAKOW!
HE'S AFTER SEPP. I HOPE THAT MAGNETIC GRENADE IS STILL STUCK TO HIS ASS.
THERE YOU ARE...
...AND THERE YOU GO!
CLIK!
KER-BLANG!
COME ON, SEPP! LET'S GET OUT OF HERE, SCHNELL!

SGT. KNAUST! DON'T SHOOT AT US! SHOOT AT THEM!
OPEN FIRE!
BRRUUUPPPP
COME ON! MOVE IT. WE'VE DONE ALL THE DAMAGE WE'RE GOING TO DO TONIGHT.
SAY, SEPP, THAT WAS A PRETTY GOOD SHOT ON THAT SENTRY WITH THE RIFLE-GRENADE.
YOU WERE DOING PRETTY WELL WITH THE WINTER SPORTS YOURSELF.
THINK SO? DID I EVER TELL YOU ABOUT MY TRIP TO INNSBRUCK?
NO, BUT I'M DYING TO HEAR ABOUT IT.
The End

WHAT GOOD IS IT?

THE INFAMOUS SUICIDAL, HILL-CHARGING ARMY MAN... WHAT GOOD IS IT? WHY WAS THIS TOY CREATED? WHAT PURPOSE CAN IT SERVE? THIS QUESTION IS ASKED DAILY BY CHILDREN ALL OVER THE U.S.A.... IT HAUNTS THE DEEPEST HOLLOWS OF EVEN GROWN MEN'S SOULS AS THEY MUTTER IN THEIR FITFUL SLEEP, "WHY, WHY, WHY?"

Possibilities...

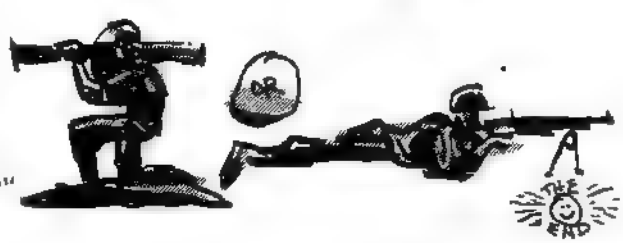
A) He is simply out of AMMO.

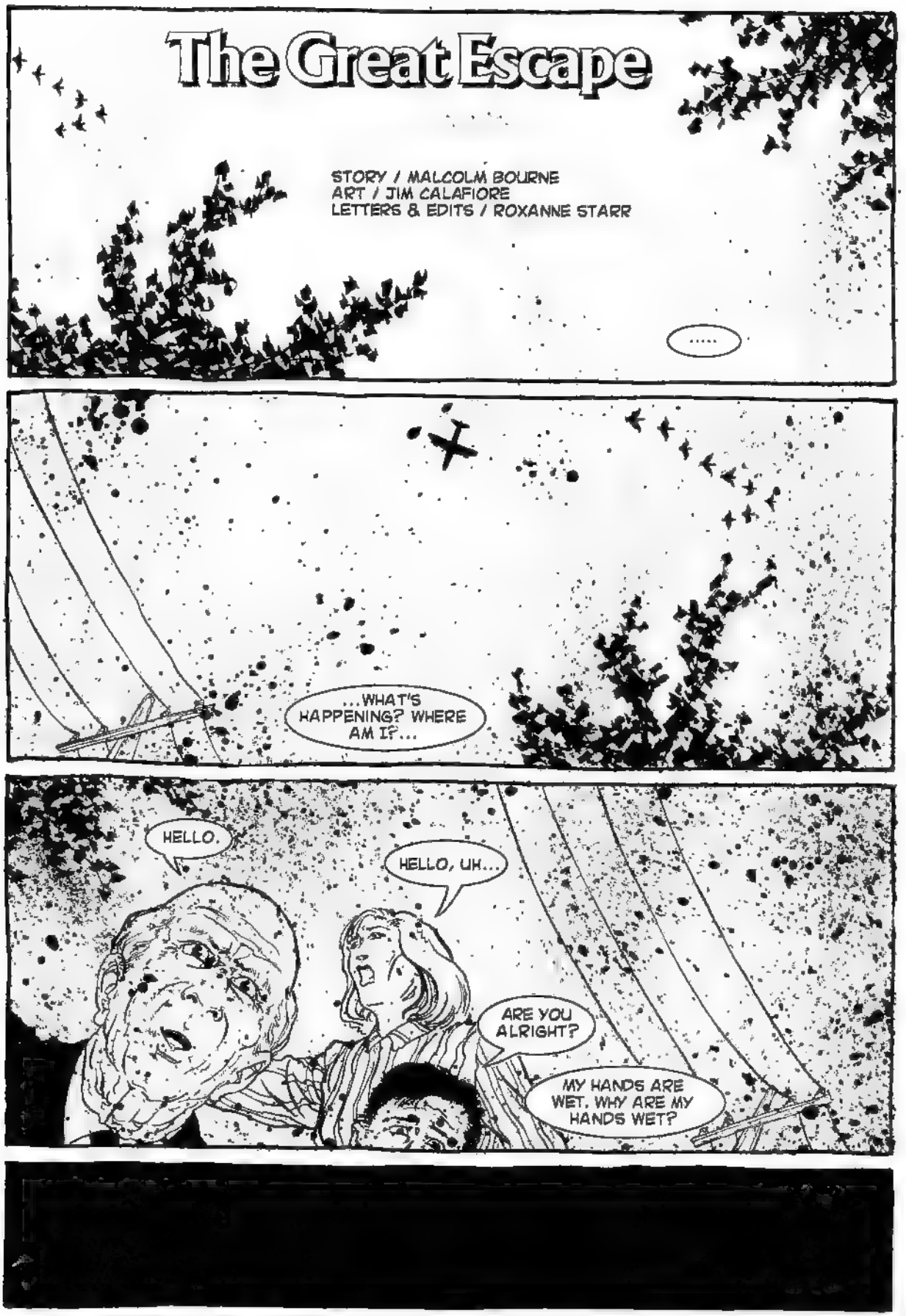
B) He is fighting in close quarters.

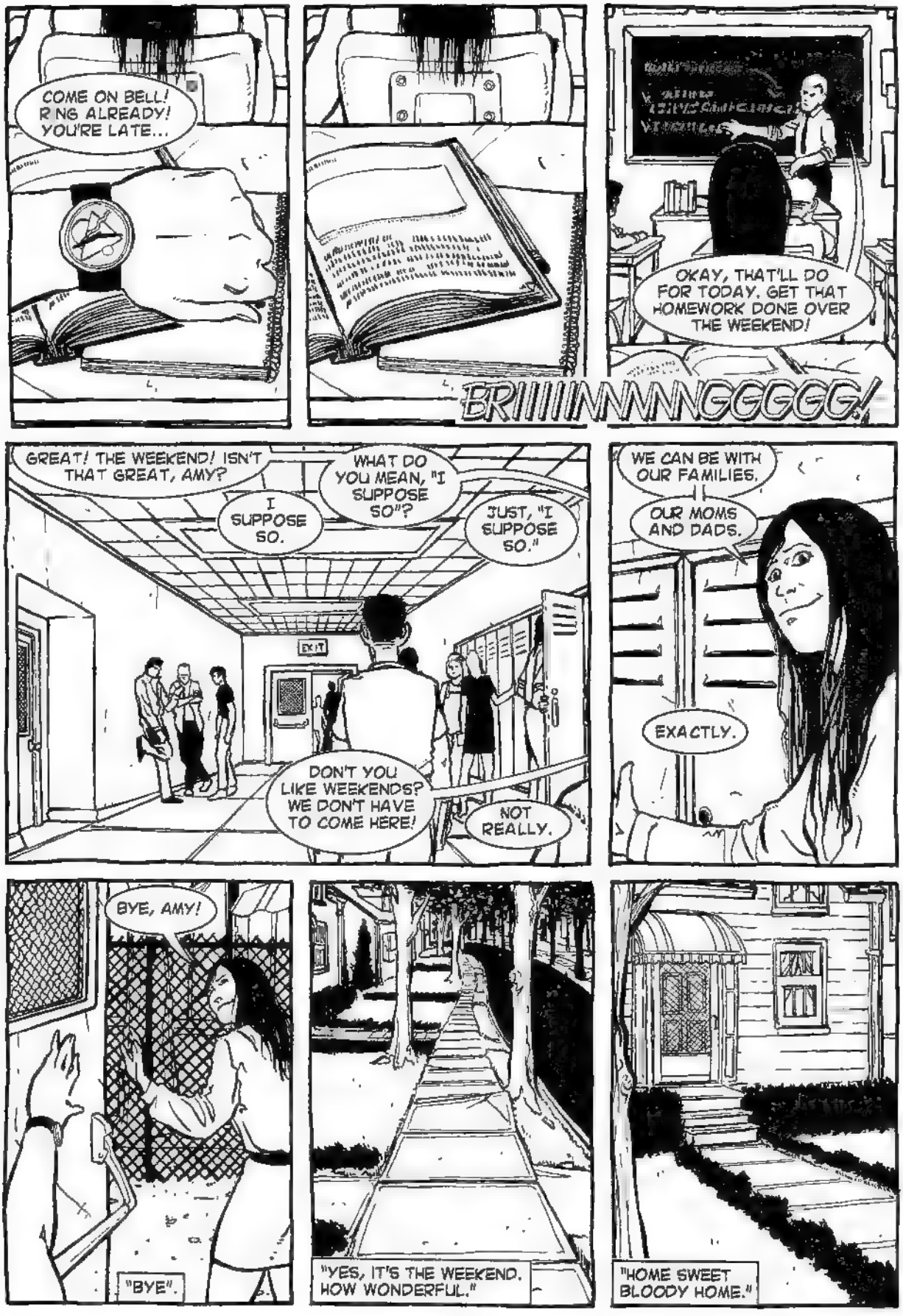
C) He is an inbred Hillbilly CRACKER.

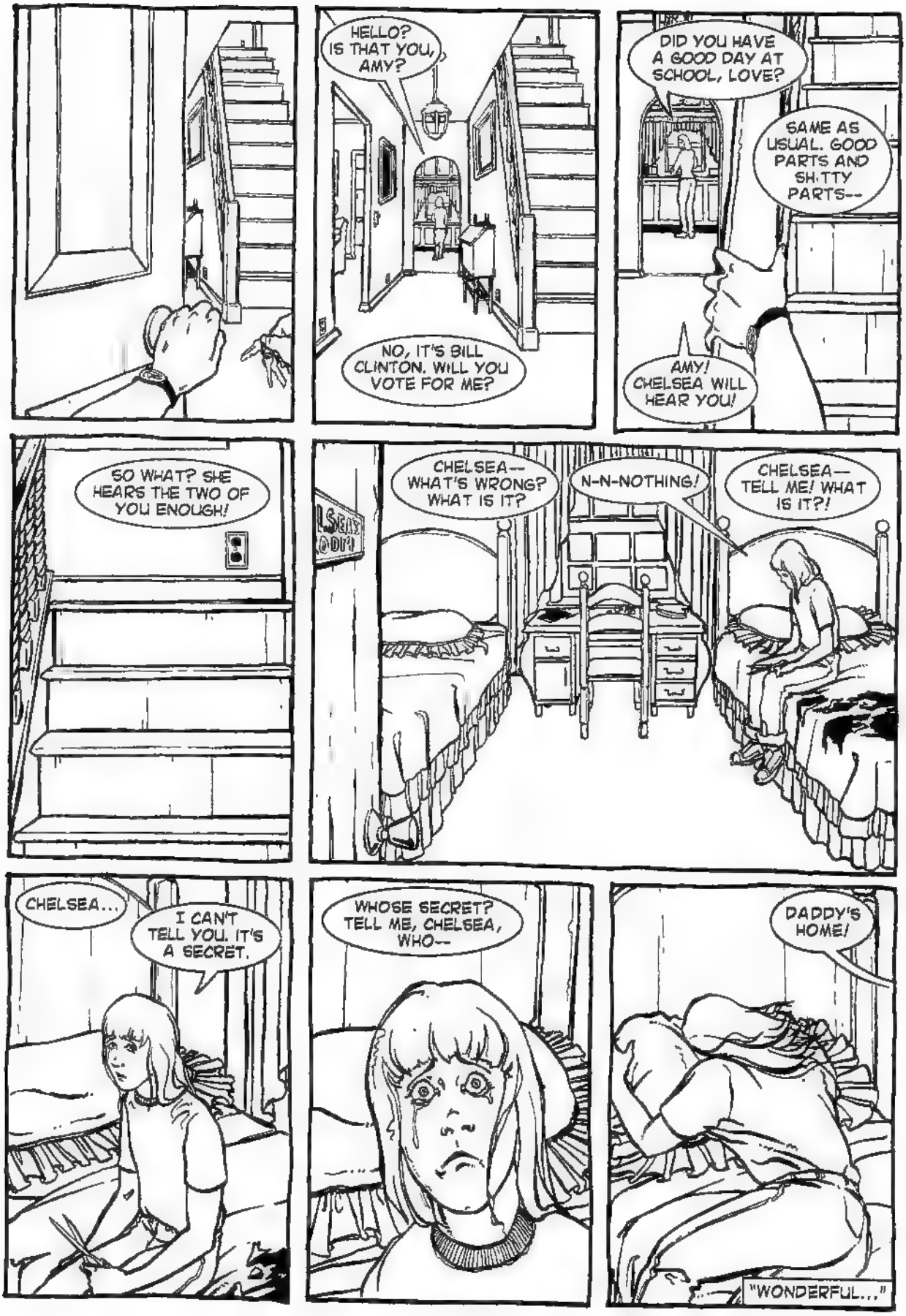
THE SIMPLE SOLUTION IS THIS...

POUR LIGHTER FLUID ON HIS SORRY ASS AND TORCH HIM ALONG WITH THE MINE SWEEPERS AND RADIO GUYS, LEAVING MORE ROOM IN YOUR TOY BUCKET FOR FIGURES SUCH AS...



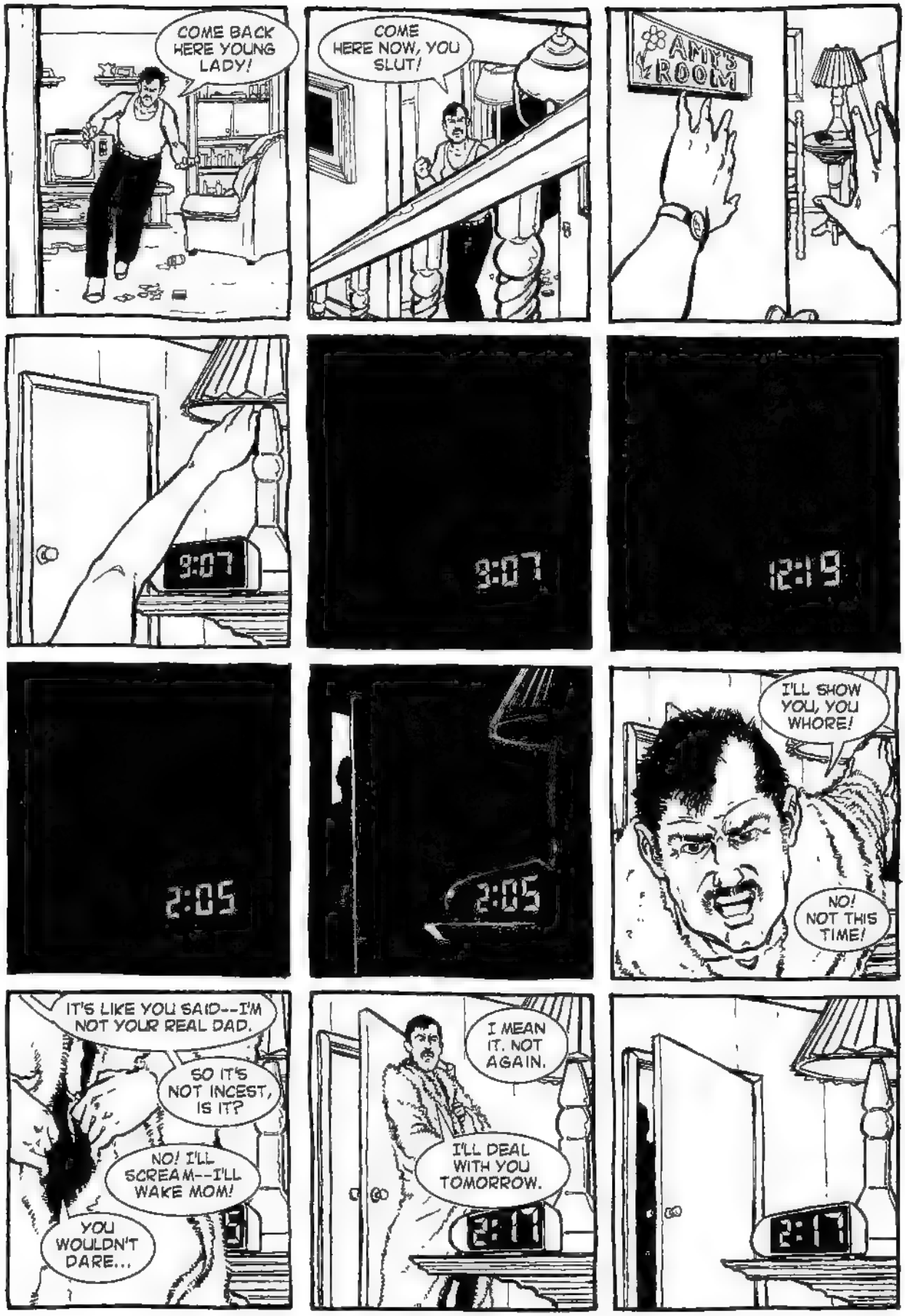

The Great Escape
STORY / MALCOLM BOURNE
ART / JIM CALAFIORE
LETTERS & EDITS / ROXANNE STARR
.....
...WHAT'S HAPPENING? WHERE AM I?...
HELLO.
HELLO, UH...
ARE YOU ALRIGHT?
MY HANDS ARE WET. WHY ARE MY HANDS WET?

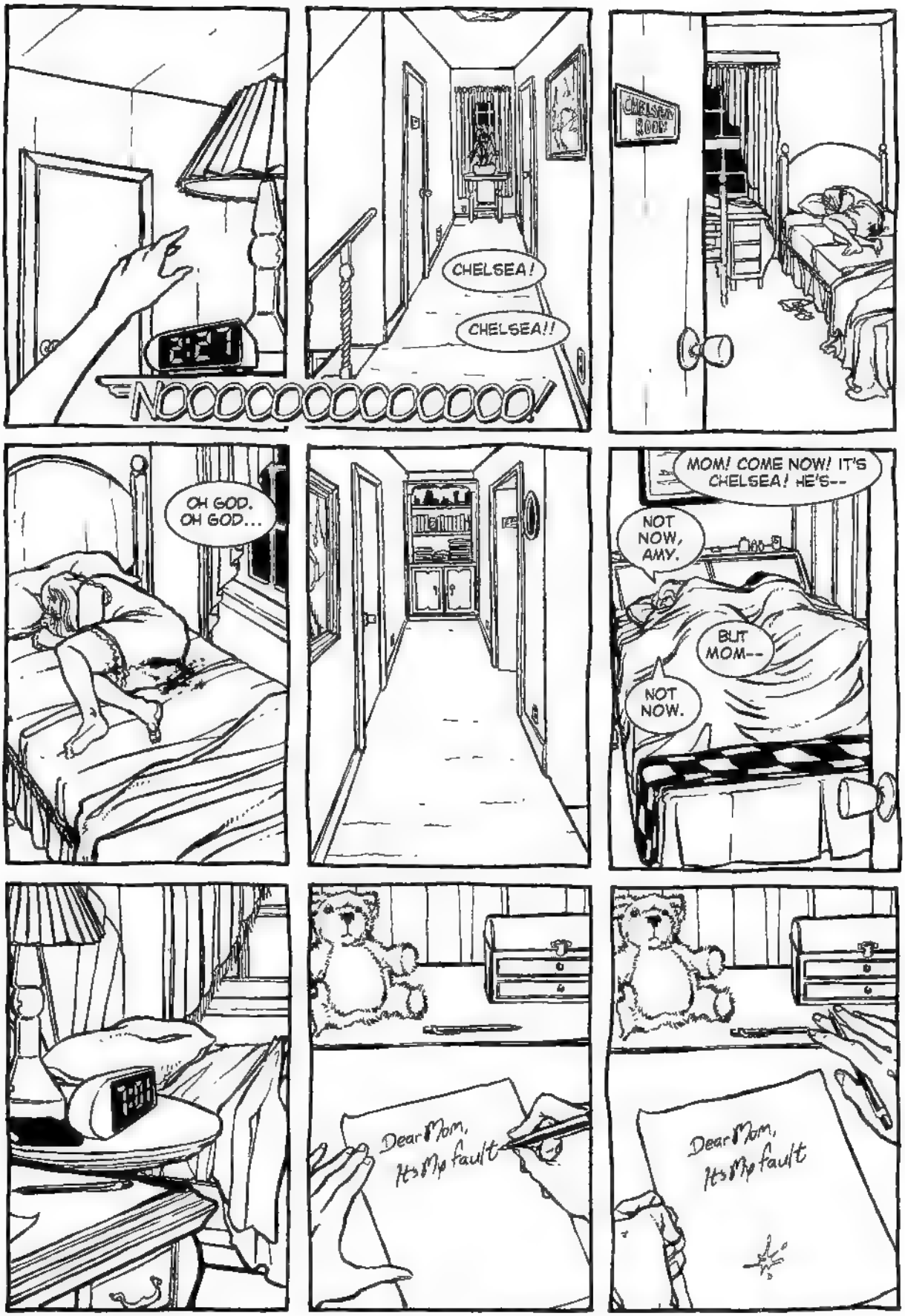

COME ON BELL! RING ALREADY! YOU'RE LATE...
OKAY, THAT'LL DO FOR TODAY. GET THAT HOMEWORK DONE OVER THE WEEKEND!
BRIIIINNNNGGGGG!
GREAT! THE WEEKEND! ISN'T THAT GREAT, AMY?
I SUPPOSE SO.
WHAT DO YOU MEAN, "I SUPPOSE SO"?
JUST, "I SUPPOSE SO."
EXIT
DON'T YOU LIKE WEEKENDS? WE DON'T HAVE TO COME HERE!
NOT REALLY.
WE CAN BE WITH OUR FAMILIES.
OUR MOMS AND DADS.
EXACTLY.
BYE, AMY!
"BYE".
"YES, IT'S THE WEEKEND. HOW WONDERFUL."
"HOME SWEET BLOODY HOME."


HELLO? IS THAT YOU, AMY?
NO, IT'S BILL CLINTON. WILL YOU VOTE FOR ME?
DID YOU HAVE A GOOD DAY AT SCHOOL, LOVE?
SAME AS USUAL. GOOD PARTS AND SH:TTY PARTS--
AMY! CHELSEA WILL HEAR YOU!
SO WHAT? SHE HEARS THE TWO OF YOU ENOUGH!
CHELSEA-- WHAT'S WRONG? WHAT IS IT?
N-N-NOTHING!
CHELSEA-- TELL ME! WHAT IS IT?!
CHELSEA...
I CAN'T TELL YOU. IT'S A SECRET.
WHOSE SECRET? TELL ME, CHELSEA, WHO--
DADDY'S HOME!
"WONDERFUL..."

"THE PERFECT FAMILY MEAL..."
CHELSEA!
HEE HEE!
IF YOU DO THAT AGAIN, YOU'LL HAVE TO LEAVE THE TABLE!
SLLLRRRP!
LEAVE HER ALONE, DAD...SHE WAS ONLY PLAYING.
DON'T INTERFERE, AMY!
BUT MOM--
DON'T ANSWER BACK TO YOUR MOTHER!
FOR GOD'S SAKE, DO YOU HAVE TO DO THAT AT THE DINNER TABLE!
IT'S NO WORSE THAN YOUR BEER!
THAT'S IT! I'VE HAD ENOUGH OF THIS SHIT!

WHAT SHALL WE DO OVER THE WEEKEND, EVERYONE?
THE ADVENTURE PARK!
SHUT UP WILL YOU! I'M TRYING TO WATCH THIS.
IT'S NO GOOD CAPTAIN! SHE'S CRACKIN' UP!
CAN'T WE WATCH SOMETHING ELSE FOR A CHANGE?
YES, THE TURTLES ARE ON ANOTHER CHANNEL! OR MICHAEL JACKSON!
IT'S YOUR BEDTIME, CHELSEA!
BUT IT'S FRIDAY!
I NEED WARP FACTOR 9, NOW!
DON'T INTER--
SHUT UP, AMY!
THE SHIELDS CANNA TAKE IT!
OFF TO BED, CHELSEA --NOW!
CAN'T SHE STAY UP LATE FOR ONCE?
G'NIGHT, CHELSEA!
YOU'RE ALWAYS STICKING YOUR NOSE IN, AMY!
FIRE PHOTON TORPEDOES!
YOU SHOULDN'T ANSWER YOUR FATHER BACK, AMY!
BUT MOM, HE'S ALWAYS SENDING US OFF TO BED!
ONLY WHEN IT'S BEDTIME.
A DIRECT HIT ON THE KLINGON SHIP!
YOU SHOULD DO AS YOUR FATHER TELLS YOU!
I DON'T SEE WHY!
HE'S NOT MY REAL FATHER ANYWAY!!
WHAT DID YOU SAY?!
WHAT WAS THAT?!
DON'T, JOHN--


COME BACK HERE YOUNG LADY!
COME HERE NOW, YOU SLUT!
AMY'S ROOM
9:07
9:07
12:19
2:05
2:05
I'LL SHOW YOU, YOU WHORE!
NO! NOT THIS TIME!
IT'S LIKE YOU SAID--I'M NOT YOUR REAL DAD.
SO IT'S NOT INCEST, IS IT?
NO! I'LL SCREAM--I'LL WAKE MOM!
YOU WOULDN'T DARE...
I MEAN IT. NOT AGAIN.
I'LL DEAL WITH YOU TOMORROW.
2:17
2:17


2:27
NOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!
CHELSEA!
CHELSEA!!
CHELSEA'S ROOM
OH GOD. OH GOD...
MOM! COME NOW! IT'S CHELSEA! HE'S--
NOT NOW, AMY.
BUT MOM--
NOT NOW.
Dear Mom, It's My fault
Dear Mom, It's My fault

HELLO?
WHY CAN'T I FEEL MY FINGERS?
OH...
I REMEMBER.
I DON'T WANT TO DIE...
WWEEEEEEEEEEEEEE
I'M SORRY...

a Tim Bradstreet

SKETCHBOOK

Noelle comes to the table. stands just behind her... mother

Lily foreground

ADDRESSES all her conversation to me.

Don't I think girls her age should be allowed to wear elaborate make-up?

NO... I don't think girls her age should be allowed out of the house -

This sucks Don't worry

She giggles - dismissing it As Banter -

2.

(Close up on mouth ?)

tim bradstreet: A BIOGRAPHY

A veteran illustrator from Bloomington, Illinois, Tim is a self-taught artist of comics and illustrations. Tim first gained notice for his gritty, cinematic style of art in role playing games such as *SHADOWRUN, VAMPIRE, TWILIGHT 2000,* and *DARK CONSPIRACY.* Since then he's devoted much of his time contributing to the comic industry. His work can be seen in Andrew Vachss' *HARD LOOKS* (Dark Horse), Clive Barker's *AGE OF DESIRE* (Eclipse), Tim Truman's *DRAGON CHANG* (Eclipse), and *HAWKWORLD* (DC). He also contributed to the children's book *ANOTHER CHANCE TO GET IT RIGHT* (Dark Horse), appearing with such highly acclaimed artists as Paul Chadwick, Geoff Darrow, Rick Geary, and Dave Gibbons. Tim has also built a reputation as a much sought after cover artist for such series as *TWO-FISTED TALES* (Dark Horse), *HARD LOOKS* (Dark Horse), *RETALIATOR* (Eclipse), and the upcoming *ALIENS: MUSIC OF THE SPHERES* (Dark Horse), which he'll also be inking. Other upcoming projects include Andrew Vachss' *STATIONS OF THE CROSS* and adaptations of Henry Rollins' poetry and lyrics for Dark Horse. Next year be sure to be on the lookout for Tim's own book *RED SKY DAIRY*, co-written with Steve Niles with full artwork by Tim Bradstreet.

BIBLIOGRAPHY FOR SKETCHBOOK

Pages 1-3
Illustration from Andrew Vachss' *ANOTHER CHANCE TO GET IT RIGHT* published by Dark Horse Comics. Page one is the final version seen in the book. Page two is the preliminary layout for the page. Page three is the rough sketch.

Page 4
(From top left to right in clockward order)
Illustration from *SHADOWRUN* published by Fasa Corp.; illustration from *SHADOWRUN* published by [illegible]on from *HARD LOOKS* [illegible]blished by Dark Horse Co[illegible]cs; illustration from *VAM[illegible]IRE* published by Whit[illegible] Wolf Games.

MANHATTAN

Stir ice with 3 fingers of whiskey, 1 finger of vermouth and a sliver of bitters. Strain into iced Martini glass. Spear olive with cocktail pick and balance on edge of glass. Add knot of lemon peel.

editorial

MEN ON FILM

Negative Burn

P.O.Box 672162

Marietta, GA 30067-0037

Okay. So comparing Comics to Film isn't exactly new. I'm sure we're all quite familiar with (and pretty darn tired of hearing about) the similarities between the two mediums. But just to get it out of the way: Both mediums evoke strong emotions through the manipulation of words and images. I've yet to meet a creator who isn't a filmmaker at heart.

But that's not why I'm here. I'm here to expose the gelatinous, dirt encrusted underbelly of the Comics/Film analogy...

COMICS ARE BIG BIDNESS. (I can't help but recall that line in "The Jerk" when Steve Martin is told that his carnival weight guessing booth is actually making money: "Ohhh ... It's a profit deal.")

I've always known that comics were a "for profit" endeavor, but it's never been like this. Seven figure circulation, movie options, jean commercials ... Stuff that seriously raises the financial stakes. This ain't "one-big-happy funny-book-readin'-family" anymore. This is a half-billion dollar a year INDUSTRY that keeps growing beyond anyone's expectations. (Surely you've noticed the "phone books" they keep passing for distributor catalogs, nowadays.)

Which brings us back to Film. Or more specifically, the Film Industry. Movie budgets are so out of hand that studios can't afford to take risks. As a result, studios stick with the familiar and indulge in "cookie cutter" filmmaking. In other words: "Give the people what (We're sure) they want." Before you know it, you have movies like *The Last Boy Scout*.

This is happening in Comics. To reasonably compete in this glutted market, a comic book must have costly, glitzy gimmicks. (What's on the inside is irrelevant.) If you've checked into (color) self-publishing, you know it ain't cheap.

And that (finally getting to my point) is why we're bringing you Negative Burn. It's a place for new and established creators to take risks: a book of stories instead of career moves. But neither do we consider ourselves "vanguards of the cutting edge." Some stuff you'll like. Some you won't.

Basically, we're guys puttin' out a funny book that will (hopefully) become a monthly habit for a lot of you.

So please write. We're lonely.

Later,

Charles Moore
Co-Editor

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PLAYMATES.....Page 1
written by Jeff Lang
illustrated by Steve Lieber
A look at the adolescent days of yesteryear.

MR. MAMOULIAN.....Page 9
written and illustrated by Brian Bolland
"Cornwall" and "The Portrait."

BONESHAKER.....Page 11
written and illustrated by Phillip Hester
Part two of the world's strongest man.

STUBBS THE CAT.....Page 21
written and illustrated by Greg DiGenti
No tricks for Joe!

Cover Art by Phillip Hester

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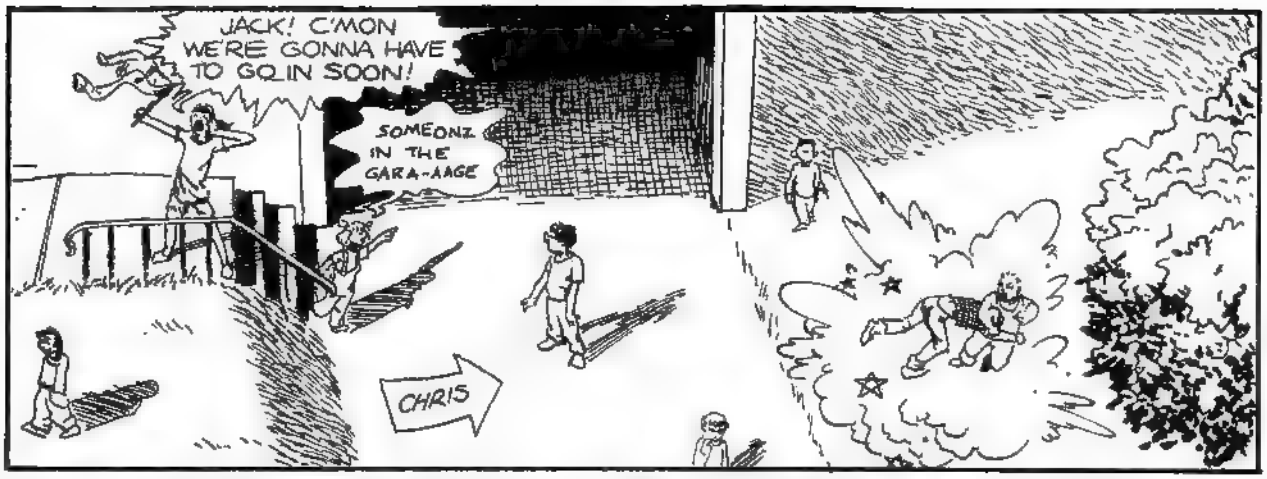
THAT'S IT YOU GUYS! ALL OUT!! ALLLLLL OU-UT!
Playmates...
©1993 LANG + LIEBER
I GOT IT AGAIN, JEEZ, WHAT A BUNCH OF PUSSIES, YOU NEVER EVEN GOT NEAR OUR FLAG!
I SEE YOU UNDER THERE, PHIL. LOOK THIS ISN'T A TRICK. I GOT IT RIGHT HERE!
WHO'S SEEN JACK? HEY CHRIS I SEE YOU!
HA! BRUNSKILL, YOU PECKERHEAD CHRIS' DOG PISSES ON THAT ONE EVERY MORNING!
UP YOURS DICKWEED. AT LEAST I DON'T SLEEP WITH A STUFFED BEAR.
JACK? C'MON OUT!
YOU TAKE THAT BACK! I NEVER..
THAT'S NOT WHAT YOUR SISTER SAYS! SHE SAYS...
MY SISTER IS A DORK, YOU DOUCHE
HEY TOMMY HOWCOME YOU CAN PICK YOUR FRIENDS AND PICK YOUR NOSE BUT YOU CAN'T PICK YOUR FRIEND'S NOSE?
WOOO,. YOU WANT TO EAT SOME TEETH, YOU BOOGERHEAD IS THAT IT? IF YOU DO I CAN ARRANGE IT!
YEAH YOU AND WHAT ARMY?
IT WOULDN'T TAKE AN ARMY A COUPLE OF GIRL SCOUTS MAYBE...
P.K!
DNE


JACK! C'MON WE'RE GONNA HAVE TO GO IN SOON!
SOMEONE IN THE GARA-AAGE
CHRIS

PROBLY JACK'S IN THERE.
HEY JEEZ! DIDN'T I SAY THE GARAGE WAS OFF LIMITS?

NO FAIR NO FAIR AGGGH!

...OH, MAN...

HEY, CHRIS, DID YOU KNOW THESE WERE IN HERE?
PLAYBOY

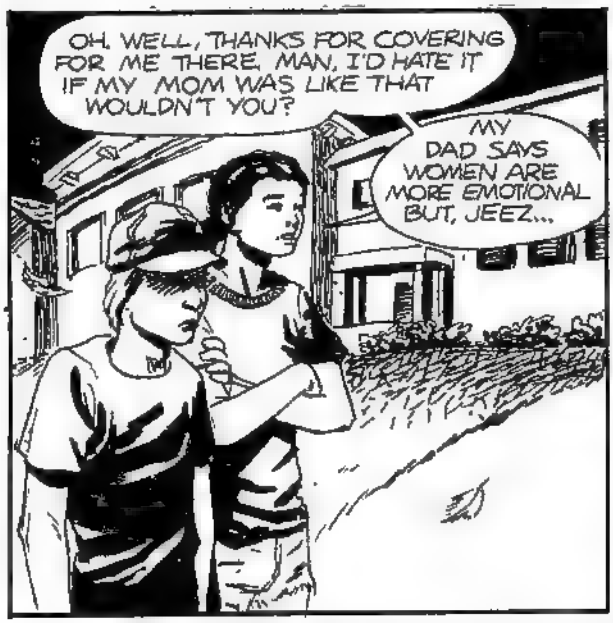
JESUS H KEERIST JACK! YOU'RE GOING TO GET ME KILLED! I TOL' YOU NOT TO COME IN HERE!
WELL, YEAH, BUT I GOT THE FLAG 'N' THEN CORRINE WAS COMING AND THERE WAS NO WHERE ELSE TO GO.
ARE THESE YOUR DAD'S?
YES! THEY'RE MY DAD'S. JEEZ YOU GOT 'EM ALL OUT OF ORDER AND LOOKIT THE CREASES! HE'S GONNA KILL ME!
AWWWW THERE'S SO MANY HE'D NEVER KNOW IF A COUPLE WERE MISSING
YOU DON'T KNOW MY DAD! HE'S BEEN COLLECTING THESE SINCE BEFORE HE WAS IN COLLEGE. HE'S GOT EVERY ISSUE GOIN' BACK TO 1962!
WELL IF THEY'RE SO IMPORTANT HOW COME THEY'RE OUT HERE IN THE GARAGE?
AWW, MY MOM DOESN'T LIKE 'EM. OUR LAST HOUSE WAS BIGGER AND DAD HAD A ROOM HE KEPT STUFF IN. HE HAD A LOCK ON IT AND EVERY-THING...
HEY! YOU FOUND MY FLAG! WHAT'S GOING ON? WHERE'D ALL THESE COME FROM?
NOTHING, JUST SOME MAGAZINES! HA-HA WELL LET'S GET GOING!
NOT SO FAST. MY UNCLE PHIL ALWAYS HAS THESE AROUND HIS APARTMENT. I LOVE THE CARTOONS.

THESE ARE A LITTLE OLDER THAN HIS THOUGH. YOU CAN TELL BECAUSE THE GIRLS ARE MORE COVERED UP. THE BIG COLOR CARTOON AFTER THE CENTERFOLD IS ALWAYS THE BEST ONE, ESPECIALLY THE ONES WITH THE SQUISHY MONSTERS
YEAH, RIGHT. LISTEN, MY MOM WILL **KILL** ME IF SHE FINDS OUT WE'RE IN HERE
THE SNITCH
AND IF THE REST OF THE GUYS COME BACK HERE...
JEEZ, CHRIS I DIDN'T KNOW YOU WERE SUCH A CHICKEN. DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT. LOOK WE'RE GOING. C'MON.!
WHAT'RE YOU GUYS DOIN' BACK HERE. WHATTAYA GOT? HEY, WHOA!
HEY WHAT'S UP.. ALL RIGHT!
OH NO...
PLAYBOY
AW, *CRIPES* YOU GUYS, C'MON, *PLEASE*.! PUT 'EM BACK AND I'LL GO GET SOME SODAS! *LISTEN!* HEY WHERE'D MARGIE GO?...
CHRISTOPHER J. LANCZEK! **GET** YOUR ASS OUT HERE, AND BRING YOUR PERVERTED LITTLE FRIENDS!
FOUR

SOW MANY TIMES HAVE I TOLD
EEP AWAY FROM THOSE MAGA
ZINES?! AND INSTEAD OF LISTE
ND YOU AND YOUR LITTLE PAL
ACK THERE JERKING EACH OT
ALL OF YOU GETTOUT HERE
NOW!
I SEE YOU IN THERE, WHOEVER YOU ARE! COME OUT AND TAKE YOUR MEDICINE WITH THE REST OF THE
LTHY MINDED PERVERTS!
OF COURSE IT'S YOU JACK CROPPER. YOU'RE PROBABLY THE ONE WHO PUT THEM UP TO ALL OF THIS. WELL, I DON'T EVER WANT TO SEE ANY OF YOU IN HERE AGAIN! DO YOU UNDERSTAND?
SHHH
FIVE

I SAID, DO YOU UNDERSTAND?
YES MAAM
YES'M
YEP
YEAHWEDO
I WANT YOU TO UNDERSTAND! WOMEN ARE NOT TOYS! AM I GETTING THROUGH?
UH HUH
YEP
YES'M
YEAH
YES
ALL RIGHT. NOW, GET OUT OF HERE! CHRIS, GET IN THE HOUSE!
WHAP!
YES MAM
WHAT DID I TELL YOU ABOUT THOSE MAGAZINES?!
WHUMP
OWW MOM HEY I THOUGHT
RIP

HEY. WHERE'D THE OTHER GUYS GO?
HOME.


OH. WELL, THANKS FOR COVERING FOR ME THERE. MAN, I'D HATE IT IF MY MOM WAS LIKE THAT WOULDN'T YOU?
MY DAD SAYS WOMEN ARE MORE EMOTIONAL BUT, JEEZ...

I MEAN, THEY WEREN'T EVEN HER MAGAZINES, THOUGH I GUESS THEY'RE IN HER HOUSE, SO THEY ARE SORT OF HERS, TOO.

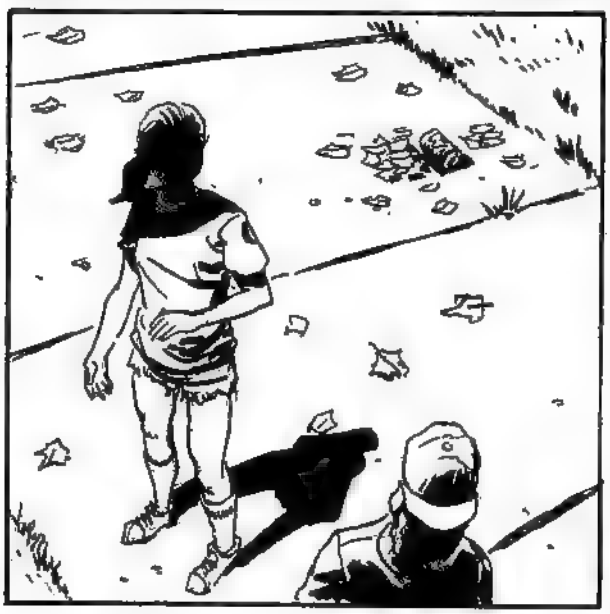
SCRITCH SCRITCH

WELL, I GUESS WE'RE GOING TO HAVE TO PLAY IN MY YARD TOMORROW LOOKS LIKE CHRIS' IS GOING TO BE OFF LIMITS. WHAT TIME YOU COMING OVER? I'M SUPPOSED TO WASH THE DOG TOMORROW. YOU WANNA HELP?

UM...

WELL, PHIL AND TOM AND ME WERE THINKING OF GOING TUBING ON THE TULLY.
OH YEAH? COOL! I'LL ASK MY MOM WHEN I GET HOME. STAR TREK IS ON. YOU COMING OVER?

UH UH... WELL I THINK I'D BETTER GO HOME...
OH OKAY. SEE YA.

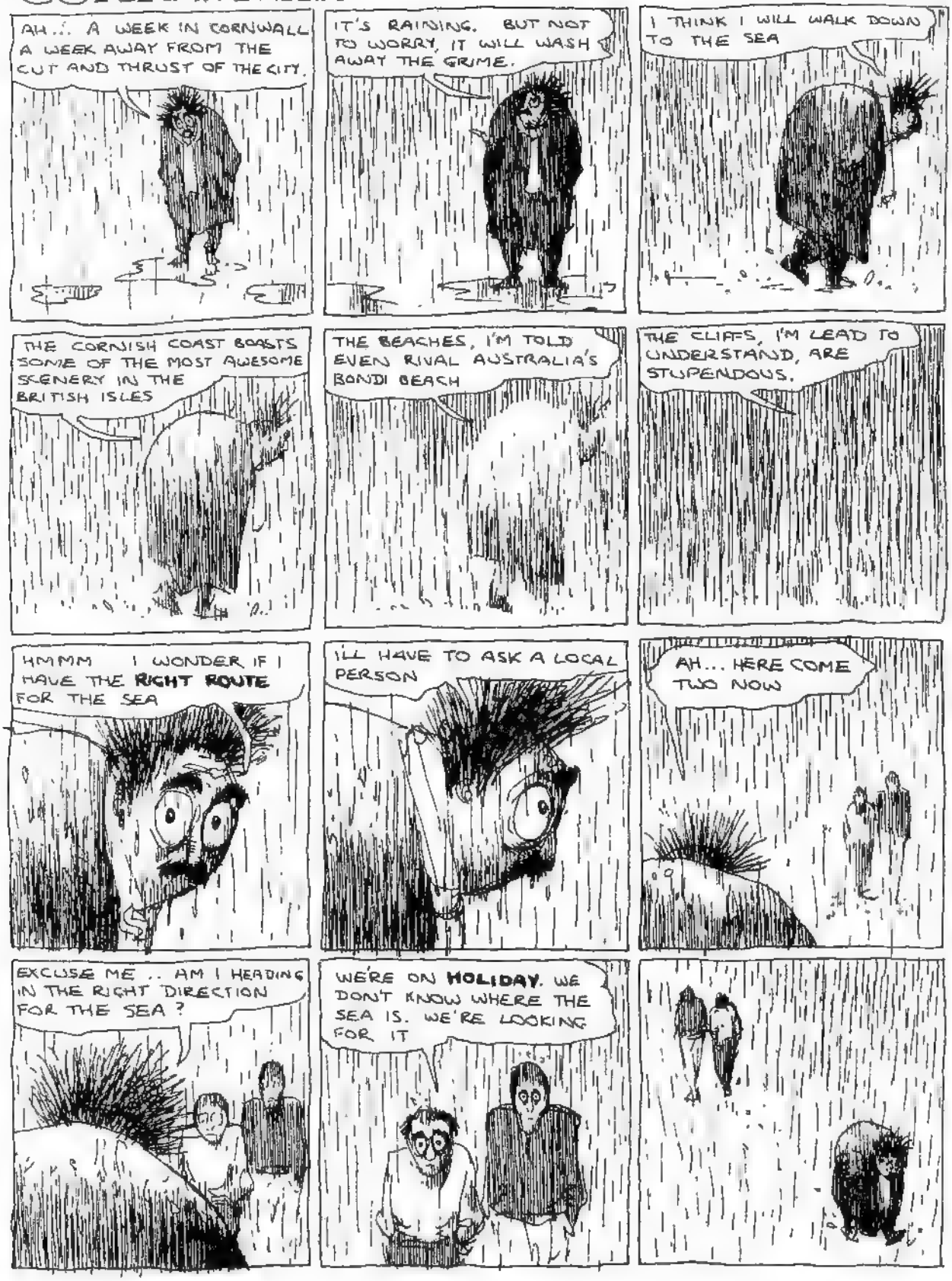


END.

MR. MAMOULIAN

CORNWALL

BOLLAND 87


AH... A WEEK IN CORNWALL A WEEK AWAY FROM THE CUT AND THRUST OF THE CITY.
IT'S RAINING. BUT NOT TO WORRY, IT WILL WASH AWAY THE GRIME.
I THINK I WILL WALK DOWN TO THE SEA
THE CORNISH COAST BOASTS SOME OF THE MOST AWESOME SCENERY IN THE BRITISH ISLES
THE BEACHES, I'M TOLD EVEN RIVAL AUSTRALIA'S BONDI BEACH
THE CLIFFS, I'M LEAD TO UNDERSTAND, ARE STUPENDOUS.
HMMM I WONDER IF I HAVE THE RIGHT ROUTE FOR THE SEA
I'LL HAVE TO ASK A LOCAL PERSON
AH... HERE COME TWO NOW
EXCUSE ME .. AM I HEADING IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION FOR THE SEA ?
WE'RE ON HOLIDAY. WE DON'T KNOW WHERE THE SEA IS. WE'RE LOOKING FOR IT

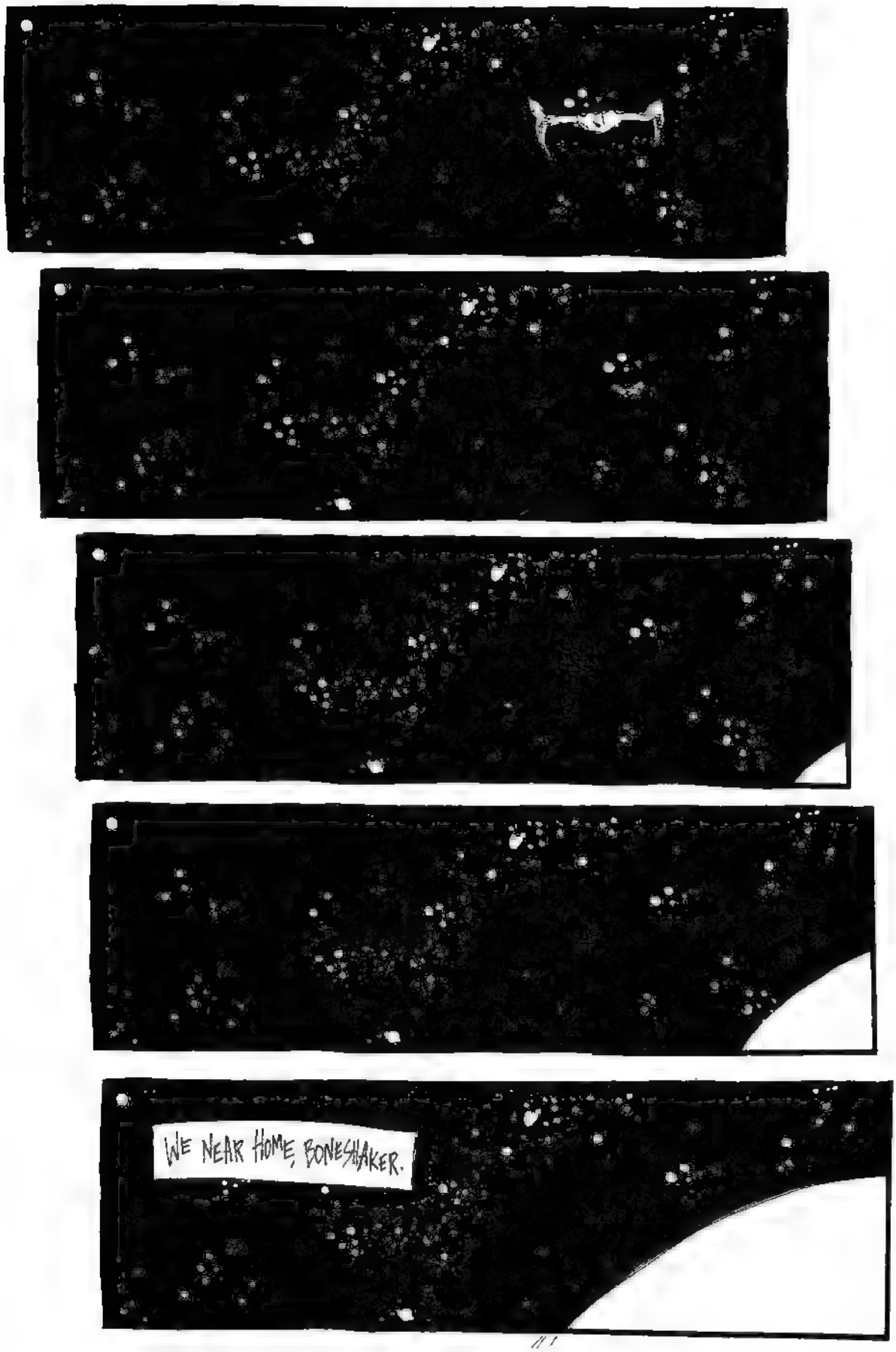
MR. MAMOULIAN

THE PORTRAIT

4 BOLLAND 87

WHERE ABOUTS IN THE STATES ARE YOU FROM?
FROM NEW YORK. I'M LINDA AND THIS IS MY SISTER SUZY
WE'RE OVER HERE AT ART SCHOOL
ARTISTS! SOMEHOW I GUESSED AS MUCH. WHAT KIND OF ART DO YOU DO? CAN YOU DO PORTRAITS?
I DO PORTRAITS BUT SUZY'S MORE ABSTRACT. I COULD DO ONE OF YOU IF YOU LIKE
YOU HAVE A VERY INTERESTING FACE
HAVE YOU EVER BEEN TO NEW YORK?
YES I WENT ONCE, IT'S A VERY EXCITING CITY
HOW LONG HAVE YOU BEEN HERE?
TWO WEEKS
PERHAPS WE COULD MEET AND I COULD SHOW YOU ROUND THE....
IT'S FINISHED!
OH GOD! I DON'T REALLY LOOK LIKE THAT DO I !?
IT'S OKAY. YOU LOOK ALL RIGHT.

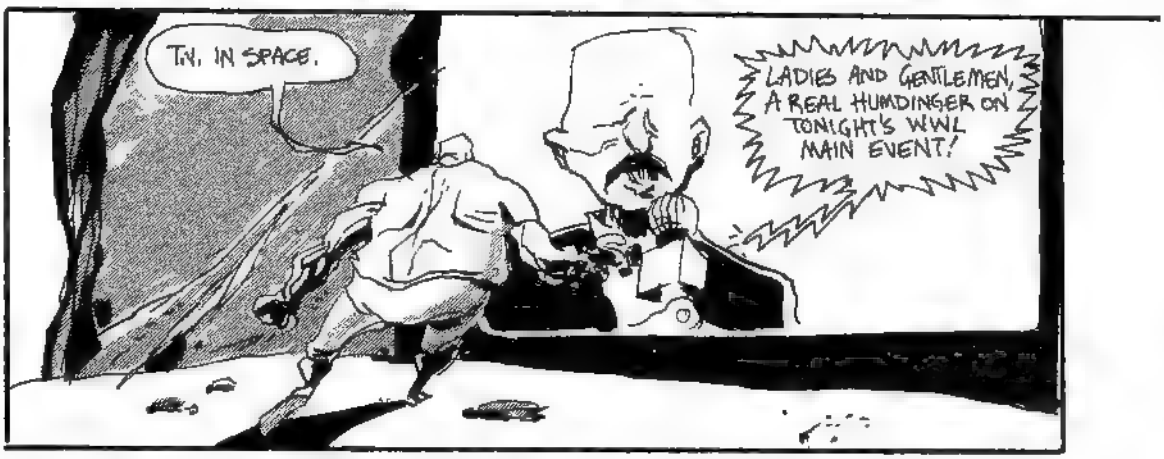
BONE-
SHAKER
PART TWO


WE NEAR HOME, BONESHAKER.

MY.. MY HOME?
NO, MIGHTY BONESHAKER.
(STANDBY)
OUR HOME
OUR TEMPLE.

MARATHON
SUPERSTAR
RASSLIN'

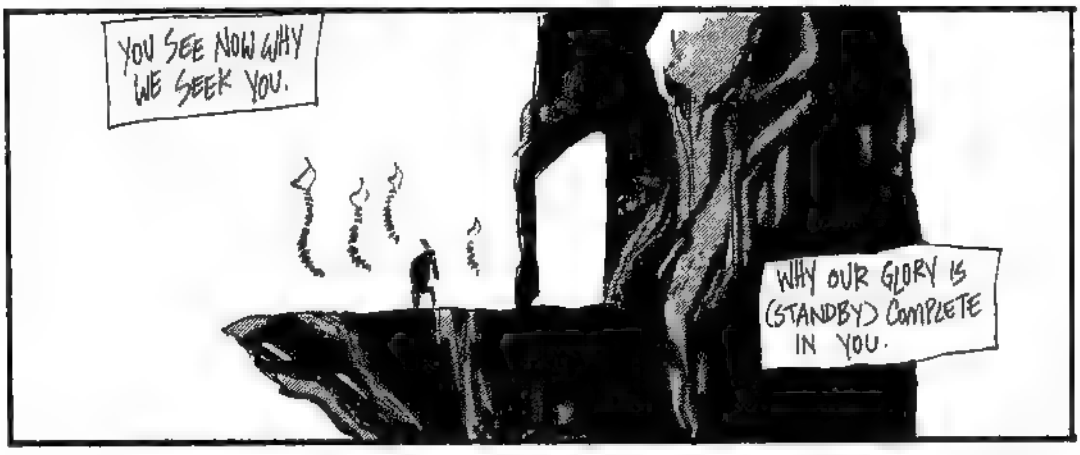
T.V.
Jesus Christ...


T.V. IN SPACE.
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, A REAL HUMDINGER ON TONIGHT'S WWL MAIN EVENT!

THE STRONGEST MAN ON EARTH, BONESHAKER CRANE VS. THE MAD HILLBILLY, JEB HAMMOND!

AND NOW A FEW WORDS FROM BONESHAKER...
Y'BETTER RUN, HILLBILLY! Y'BETTER HIDE!

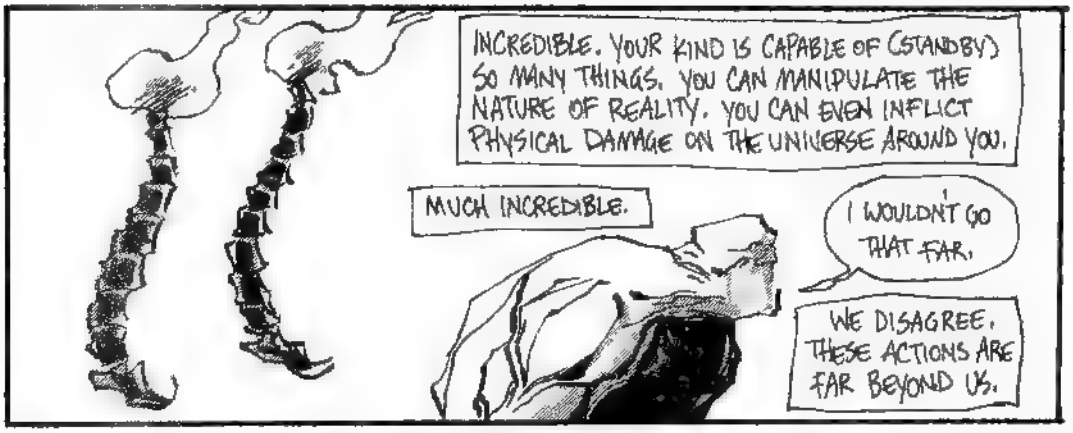
FOR NO MAN NOR BEAST CAN STAND AGAINST ME! Y'HEAR ME, HILLBILLY? I'M THE STRONGEST MAN ON EARTH!
I'M THE STRONGEST MAN ALIVE!


YOU SEE NOW WHY WE SEEK YOU.
WHY OUR GLORY IS (STANDBY) COMPLETE IN YOU.

SO...
YOU THINK...
YOU THINK I'M THE STRONGEST GUY ON EARTH?

Jeez.

YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND.
THAT STRONGEST GUY STUFF- IT'S... IT'S AN EXAGGERATION.
PLEASE DEFINE
BLOWIN' THINGS UP Y'KNOW?
WELL... SORT OF A LIE.
(STANDBY) PLEASE, IT IS DIFFICULT FOR US. WHAT IS LIE?
SHOOT, IT'S WHEN YOU DON'T TELL THE TRUTH.
DEFINE TRUTH.
IT'S THE WAY THINGS ARE. WHEN YOU'RE LYING YOU'RE TRYING TO COVER UP THE WAY THINGS ARE.
COVER UP
(STANDBY)
CAMOUFLAGE.
YOU CAMOUFLAGE IDEAS?
I GUESS.
YOUR KIND CAN CAMOUFLAGE THE TRUTH. (STANDBY) YOU HIDE THE VERY NATURE OF THINGS?
SOMETIMES... SURE.


INCREDIBLE. YOUR KIND IS CAPABLE OF (STANDBY) SO MANY THINGS. YOU CAN MANIPULATE THE NATURE OF REALITY. YOU CAN EVEN INFLICT PHYSICAL DAMAGE ON THE UNIVERSE AROUND YOU.
MUCH INCREDIBLE.
I WOULDN'T GO THAT FAR.
WE DISAGREE. THESE ACTIONS ARE FAR BEYOND US.

YOU THINK IT'S COOL NOW, BUT IT'S OUT OF HAND WHERE I COME FROM. PEOPLE ON MY PLANET RAPE CHILDREN AND POISON THE AIR, MURDER THEIR FAMILIES AND BURN OUT THEIR BRAINS.
BELIEVE ME, IT'S A FUCKING ZOO.
GLORIOUS.
FUCKING ZOO.

THESE FAMINES AND WARS. (STANDBY)...
VERY ADMIRABLE.
ADMIRABLE? IT'S VIOLENCE.
IT SUCKS.
IT'S EVIL.

TO YOU IT IS EVIL... TO US IT IS...
GROWTH POTENTIAL.

EVOLUTION HAS BLESSED YOUR RACE WITH (STANDBY) MANY DESTRUCTIVE ABILITIES.
YOU ARE MUCH POWERFUL BEINGS.
WE ARE (STANDBY) BEINGS OF THOUGHT.
MANIPULATING THE PHYSICAL UNIVERSE AS YOU DO IS DIFFICULT FOR US.
THAT IS WHY WE SEEK THE MIGHTY BONESHAKER... TO REPAIR OUR INADEQUACY.
WE HUMBLY ASK THE MIGHTY BONESHAKER TO MANIPULATE VIOLENCE FOR US.

Yeah...
...I KIND OF THOUGHT THAT WAS COMING.
MORE LATER

INTRODUCING
Stubbs THE CAT
IN
"No tricks for Joe"
EAT, SLEEP, AND SHIT!? IS THAT ALL YOU CAN DO!?
PRETTY MUCH, YEAH. WHAT'D YOU EXPECT?
MORE! MUCH, MUCH MORE!
©1993 GREG DIGENTI
LISTEN, YOU STUPID CAT! EITHER YOU DO A TRICK FOR ME, OR YOU AIN'T GETTIN' SHIT FOR DINNER!
NO SHIT!? YOU MEAN NO MORE ROTTEN HORSE MEAT?
WHY, YOU UNGRATEFUL LITTLE FLEABAG! THAT STUFF COSTS TWENTY FIVE CENTS A CAN!
WOW, THAT MUCH? YOU ARE TOO KIND.
LOOK, JOE, IF YOU WANTED TRICKS, THEN YOU SHOULD'VE BOUGHT A DOG.
THAT CAN BE ARRANGED!
OKAY, JOE! YOU WANT TO SEE A TRICK!? I'LL SHOW YOU A DAMN TRICK!!

SEE THIS BLADE?!
JEEZUS! WHERE'D THAT COME FROM?
BUS
THAT'S A GOOD QUESTION...
ANYWAY, HERE'S THE TRICK... YOU FIX ME THAT STEAK OVER THERE AND I DON'T STAB YOU IN THE NECK.
THAT'S NO TRICK! AND THERE'S NO WAY YOU'RE GETTING THAT STEAK! IT'S MINE!
WELL, OKAY...
JAB!
OWW! SHIT, STUBBS! ARE YOU CRAZY?!
MAYBE. NOW HOW ABOUT THAT STEAK, BUB?

NO! IT'S MINE! NOW GIVE ME THAT DAMN KNIFE!
WHAT, YOU MEAN THIS KNIFE?
YEAH... I—
EEEYOW!
YOU'D BETTER FIX ME THAT STEAK, JOE, OR I'M GOIN' FOR THE JUGULAR NEXT!
AW, HELL. IT AIN'T WORTH MY LIFE...
THAT'S THE SPIRIT, JOE!
I SHOULDA' GOT A DAMN DOG.
I HACKED A HAIRBALL INTO THAT CAN WHILE YOU FIXED MY STEAK.
CAT FOOD
THUH END

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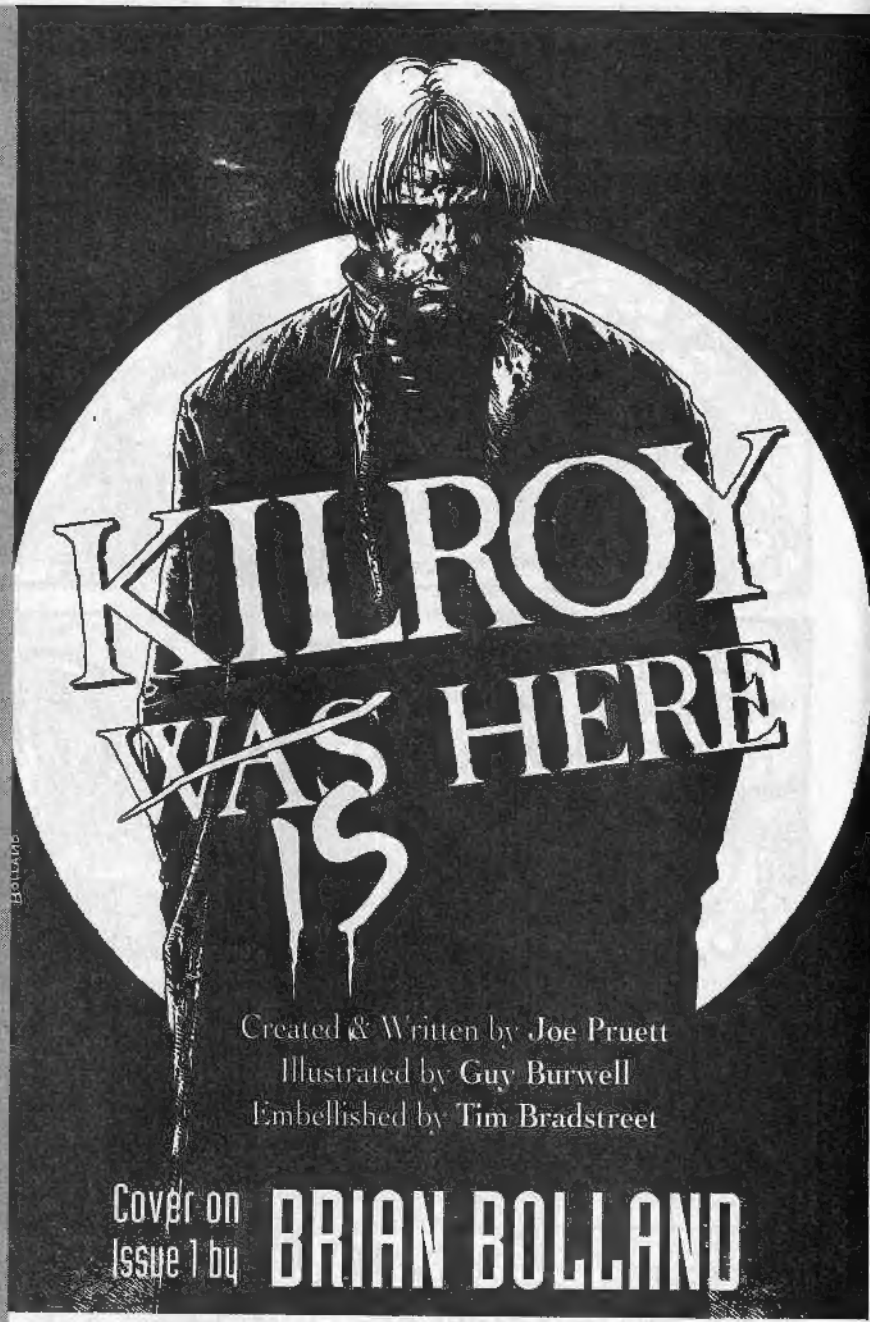

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by
D. Alexander Gregory
& Andrew Robinson